



THE SPORT AND THE MESSENGER BOY.

THE HOBO'S SALOON.

Where Thirsty Tramps May Buy a Schooner of "Whiskey" for the Price of a Nickel.

To give its situation more exactly, it is on First avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets. Other people besides tramps patronize this saloon, but its chief allurements are for them, for within its four walls it is possible to get the largest drink of whiskey in the city for the price of a nickel, and the whiskey is guaranteed to prove acceptable to the most hardened of palates.

An expert in this article would promptly designate the liquid sold over this bar when a "nickel of the old stuff" is called for as a rank fraud, for it is not whiskey at all. The fluid is prepared, however, without deception, and so absolutely "on the open" that no objection could be urged against it. At all events it seems to suit the taste of the tramp wonderfully.

This saloon is not one of the handsome glass and mahogany establishments seen in other parts of the city. It is, in fact, old and antiquated of look. A dirty and ill-set of men are to be found hanging about it day and night. The barkeeper himself is none too savory a personage in looks or get-up.

It is the custom of the place to require payment in advance, and once the nickel is laid on the counter the barkeeper knows just what he wants. Ordinarily whiskey, no matter how bad and fiery it might be, would not prove acceptable to the "hobo" who is waiting with an eager eye. Something more potent is required.

Checking the nickel into a drawer the barkeeper walks over to a barrel behind the counter, and with a large glass in his hand fills it half full of pure spirits. The eyes of the tramp light up more eagerly than ever. He can hardly restrain his craving. The group of hangers-on follow every move of his covetously. Carrying the glass of spirits with him the barkeeper walks over to a bottle on the shelf. This is filled with some dark brown liquid that is practically tasteless in itself and is simply coloring matter. Deftly he pours a few drops into the glass. A moment, and the spirits and the brown drops have fused themselves together, and the liquor becomes a pale, rich brown.

With a hungry light in his face the tramp swallows it all at a gulp. Though it is almost like molten fire and would burn the ordinary man's throat and stomach and bring the tears to his eyes, the hobo feels no discomfort. It is a delightful sensation to him, and setting the glass down and patting his empty pockets regretfully he turns away with the impression firmly fixed in his mind that he has consumed the best whiskey possible.

This scene is repeated scores of times a day, and the supply of tramps is never failing.



A HIGH ROLLER.

NIGHT TYPES OF NEW YORK.

We Have More and Finer Ones Than Any Other City in America or Europe.

London Is Dead at Midnight and Paris Is Not Much Later.

OUR DEBT TO THE CHORUS GIRL.

One of the Most Picturesque Nocturnal Types—Johnnies, Sports, Cab-boys, Tramps, Messenger Boys.

New York has a night life of its own, such as no other city knows. Not only are those who take part in this life different from the nocturnal denizens of other places, but they are very much more numerous.

A distinguished Englishman has said that there seemed to him no difference between night and day in New York, as far as the number of persons abroad was concerned. This, of course, was an exaggeration, but a very natural one for a man used to London to make. There everything dies at midnight. The public houses and places of entertainment close at midnight. A restaurant which keeps open till half-past twelve is a rarity. The public conveyances cease to run between 12 and 1, and many of them as early as 11. Only cabs and private carriages disturb the silence of the deserted streets.

Paris is somewhat later than London, but there the nocturnal life is only noticeable in the very heart of the boulevards, and there is little of it after 2 o'clock.

New Yorkers seem blessed with constitutions that enable them to do without sleep and remain spry and wide awake, although, of course, the night is strewn with many wrecks. Here is the habitat of the man who looks delicate and yellow by daylight, but strong and well by night.

The habits of our fashionable society

TRADES THAT MEAN CERTAIN DEATH.

Men Who Make Artificial Ice Exposed to Deadly and Strange Climatic Changes.

Disease Is the Companion of Workmen in Manufacturing Chemists' Establishments.

PAINTMAKERS WOOERS OF THE GRAVE.

Men Who Engage in Powder Making Generally Launched Unexpectedly into Eternity—Hatmakers Also Very Short Lived.

That any man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow should voluntarily expose himself to a death sentence on himself does not seem worthy of credence. Yet many a toiler knows that the trade he pursues entails certain death to him. The grim spectre may make his victim think he has baffled fate, but almost before he realizes it the warnings he neglected come true.

The fact has often been commented upon that a greater number of people work at night time and completely turn night into day in New York at the present time than would have constituted the entire population of the city fifty years ago. It is still more remarkable, however, that there are hundreds of people in New York to-day who turn Summer into Winter and vice versa. This curious community is made up of those who are employed about the various machines which develop ice weather every day in the year. It is not generally known that these ice-making machines are used in hundreds of manufacturing establishments about town. The mortality among those who are obliged to live for at least half of each day in such a temperature is alarmingly great. On the hottest day in Summer they are obliged to wear thick clothing while they are hard at work to protect themselves against the biting cold of their shops. During the rest of the twenty-four hours they, of course, suffer much more from the heat than others. This contrast of temperature plays havoc with the strongest constitution. These poor fellows suffer from the most grotesque complaints. Frost-bitten ears and noses are common when the thermometer on the street stands in the nineties.

The most common complaints among these people are consumption, pneumonia, the grip and similar ailments. The constant strain of living at such different temperatures cannot be long withstood. About ten years of constant adherence to this business usually makes a man a complete wreck.

A class of workmen who are probably even more unfortunate in their choice of an occupation are the employees in the establishments of many of the large manufacturing chemists. The most deadly sort of work in this line is that of manufacturing chlorine gas. This greenish heavy vapor, which is used in large quantities for bleaching throughout the country, produces severe paroxysms of coughing, which, in many cases, have proved fatal. It is impossible to insure oneself absolutely against this danger. Then there are many more kinds of work to be performed in these factories where the workmen are obliged to inhale deadly poisons. Many of the employees are obliged to go about their work with their heads enveloped in more or less effective ventilating apparatuses. The mortality in several of these occupations averages even less than ten years.

The most dangerous of these poisons are the ones whose poisoning effect works very slowly. These insidious poisons tend to inflame the lung cells and to gradually eat away the tissues. The most distressing part of these complaints is that they cannot be effectively dealt with by medical treatment. The only cure is to get the victim into an entirely new atmosphere. It happens, however, in the great majority of cases that the strain, such as it is, is the only means of livelihood such people have, so that they are forced to return day after day to a condition which means almost certain death to them.

Another class of workmen who suffer in much the same way are the manufacturers of certain kinds of paint. The paint, which includes poisons, such as arsenic and lead, give out certain fumes which act upon the lungs and throat and soon pervade the entire system. The men who manufacture this paint have much the worst of it. The average longevity among these fellows is as pitifully small as it is among those who live among drugs. The painters who use this color in large quantities also suffer, although not to the same degree. During the last "weather" last Summer a man in the city who is obliged to use green paint and who happened to be very susceptible to poison was actually poisoned to death in less than two minutes from inhaling such fumes.

A still more deadly occupation, although in a somewhat different way, is the work of manufacturing dynamite, gunpowder, nitro-glycerine and other high explosives. In this case there is no poison to inhale. There is, besides, a chance that a man may succeed in living to a green old age; but life is at best a great lottery in such places. The mortality in such an establishment, which is, of course, based upon an average of the length of life for such workmen, is very low. A remarkable instance of this mortality is the case of a large powder-making firm not far from New York, in which every male member of the family for several generations back has met his death sooner or later in his own powder mill. Life is very uncertain to these people. It often happens that for several years at a time there has been no accident. But when it happens that a cigar stump or some such trifle reaches the magazines a large number of the employees are sent skyward and a single catastrophe of this nature, of course, sends the rate of mortality to with a jump. The manufacturers of fireworks entails similar risks. The large manufacturers who supply New York, it would be remembered, are situated in sections. A single plant is often made up of scores of different buildings. In case of an explosion only one of these is likely to be demolished.

One of the most singular of the death-dealing trades is a certain branch of the hat manufacturing industry. The workmen in this case are obliged to inhale the fine lint which comes from certain kinds of cloth, and this in time produces a very injurious effect on the throat and lungs. Many of the workmen employed in the curbing of hides also come to an untimely end from the effects of breathing unwholesome odors.

The men and women whose lives are shortened from the nervous strain of their work entail upon them are, of course, to be found almost everywhere. There are some occupations, however, which are certain to break down the strongest constitutions. Many kinds of work which, in whole, some quantities, would not be injurious, become deadly when hurried to extremes. Engineers on express trains, for instance, and even on the "I." roads, are often obliged to give up their work on this account. The work of stokers on ferries, boats, excursion steamboats and other river craft is also exceedingly trying even to the strongest.

TRIM FIGURES MADE TO ORDER.

For a Modest Sum a Thin Woman Can Be Made Plump.

Magic Wrought by the Judicious Use of New-Fashioned Pads.

DECEPTIONS HARD TO DETECT.

The Shapely Girl with Thin Arms, However, Likely to Be an Object of Suspicion—Secrets Revealed by a Saleswoman.

"In these days a woman who has no figure can easily obtain one to order, and at a very moderate price. That does not apply to persons who are over-fat; they are hopeless. But with a thin one anything may be done. The up-to-date dressmaker rather likes to take a living skeleton in hand and build her up."

Such is the information imparted by a woman clerk in a Broadway shop devoted exclusively to the sale of women's gear.

"I am sorry to destroy your illusions," continued the clerk, "but it does not do to have too much faith in the plump figures which you evidently admire. They are apt to be false to a greater or less extent. You mustn't blame the girl who uses such devices; in nine cases out of ten she has adopted them at the suggestion of the dressmaker. The average dressmaker does not hesitate to criticize the figure of her customers with the utmost severity. If anything is lacking here or there she insists on a fill-up-out to give the proper outline. If tried, it is likely to be so satisfactory as to be permanently accepted."

"But is there no way in which one may distinguish the padded girl from the real article?"

"Hardly. You might try sticking her with a pin, but it would be risky. The artificial figure is practically beyond detection, thanks to recent inventions in the



A TENDERLOIN TRAMP.

MURDERER AN ENIGMA.

The Strange Conduct of Prisoner Carr, Who Hasn't Spoken a Word in Eleven Months.

Is Alex Carr feigning or is he insane? That is a question which the officials of the county jail at Atlanta, Ga., where the man is confined under sentence of death, are unable to answer.

With a great mass of tangled and matted black hair falling over his neck and face and hiding his down-cast countenance from sight, Carr seems to be as much animal as human. He eats ravenously, snatching at his food and eating it much as an animal would do. He furnishes the strongest problem ever presented by a prisoner in the county jail. Carr is an enigma. He has spoken to no one in eleven months.

Alex Carr is a near approach to a wild hog in his manner of life in jail. He waits for his food to be left on a box, and when his visitor has gone he pours it out on the floor and ravenously eats it, passing the life necessity to his mouth with two long, bony hands. Sometimes he throws the food in a corner of his cell, and after letting it remain there a while, crawls to the victuals and eats them. It is always with his head nearly on his breast that he eats his food, and sitting on the edge of his bunk he looks like a hunchback. His tall figure doubles nearly up, and his head of hair is a mass of tangled black locks.

The three-tried man—twice on an issue of sanity, once for murder—is visited three times a week by his father, but he never speaks or utters a sound of word to him. To his parent he shows no sign of recognition, and appears to regard him in no manner different from any one else. The troubled parent carries food and necessities to his condemned son at every visit and renders such little services as he thinks might add to the better care of the cell; he no longer hopes to comfort his boy. Carr was committed to the Fulton County Jail August 25, 1884, since that time except at the first trial he has almost constantly passed his time on his bunk. For a time after his incarceration began he talked freely and intelligently, and showed no signs of the approaching lapse into his present condition. He was cheerful and apparently indifferent to his confinement for a month or two, but day after day he began to realize his predicament and became less talkative and much less buoyant and high spirited. At that time his mind was clear, and he looked one in the face instead of staring downward as now. It was not until he had been placed on trial for his life and convicted that the murderer of Captain King began to grow despondent and silent. Day by day something stole over him which took from him the cheer of existence, and when time brought him face to face with the certainty of punishment it was then that to the world he appeared in the same condition that he now lies in a filthy cell.



"PLEASE HELP AN OLD LADY."

line of pads and plumpers. Take the girl who has no hips, for example. What is the matter with these cushions stuffed with curled hair, which are sewn beneath the corset?"

"I see hanging up there a contrivance of wire that looks something like a bustle." "No, that is not exactly a bustle. It is a sort of pad to fill out the lower part of the back, where many women are flat. I suppose you have seen the waists which are a good deal worn nowadays as a substitute for corsets. They are an idea of the dress reformers, but dress reformers are not above the vanities of this world, and the bosom part of each waist has pockets in it for pads. The pads are taken out when the waist is sent to the wash."

"I'll give you a pointer—only a little one, but it's worth having. Suspect the seemingly plump girl who has thin arms. Here's another one: Keep a critical eye on the shapely creature who does not care to bathe in the sea. Nobody has yet succeeded in inventing pads that will do satisfactory service in the surf."

"Here on this wooden model is something more complete in the way of a pad. As you observe, it is made in the form of an underwaist, and the whole business is a cushion varying in thickness in such a manner as to build out the entire upper body of the wearer. By means of this simple contrivance we can build out the most skeletonous woman into a regular Juno. It is a awful hot in Summer, of course, but who would not suffer in order to be beautiful? One important advantage of the wire pads is that they are cool to wear."

"I can tell you something more surprising than that. Some weeks ago a young lady was measured here for an entire figure, from the neck down. It was a big job. She was almost a skeleton, though her face was plump and pretty. Her chest was flat and hollow, her arms nothing but bones, and her hips not much bigger around than her waist. Upon taking her in hand, the first thing our designer did was to make a number of careful measurements, which were compared with a scale supposed to represent the ideal development for a girl of her height and age. The difference between these measurements and the corresponding figures in inches on the scale were carefully noted down and used as a guide by the work woman, who put together a sort of stocking jacket, the thickness of which at every point was



THE FRANKFURTER MAN.



THE "NIGHT HAWK."